

# The Old Mans VVISH.



**I**F I live to grow old, (for I find I go down,) let this be my Fate, in a



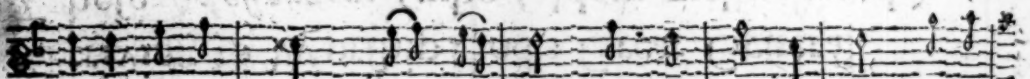
Country Town; Let me have a warm House, with a Stone at the



Gate, and a cleanly young Girl to rub my bald Pate; May I



govern my Passion with an absolute sway, and grow wiser and



better as my Strength wears a--way, without Gout or Stone by a



gentle decay, By a gen— — — — — gen-rlc de-cay.

2.

In a Countrey Town,  
by a murmuring Brook,  
The Ocean at distance  
on which I may look;  
With a spacious Plain  
without Hedge or Stile,  
And an easie Pad Nag  
to ride out a Mile:  
May I govern my passion  
with an absolute sway,  
And grow wiser and better  
as my strength weares away,  
Without Gout or Stone,  
by a gentle decay, &c.

3.

With a Pudding on Sunday,  
and stout humming Liquor,  
And Remnants of Latine  
to puzzle the Vicar;  
With a hidden Reserve  
of Burgundy Wine,  
To drink the Kings Health  
as oft as I Dine,  
May I govern my passion, &c.

4.

With *Plutarch*, and *Horace*,  
and One or Two more  
Of the best Wits that liv'd  
in the Ages before.  
With a Dish of roast Mutton,  
Not Venison, nor Teal,  
And clean (tho course) Linen  
at every Meal;  
May I govern my passion, &c.

5.

V. Courage Undaunted  
m I pass my last day,  
And when I am Dead,  
may the better sort say,  
In the Morning when sober,  
in th'Ev'ning when mellow,  
He's gone, and has left  
not behind him his fellow.  
For he govern'd his passion  
as his strength did decay,  
And grew wiser and better  
as his strength wore away;  
Without Gout or Stone,  
by a gentle decay, &c.

2529

555 775

59837

Sold by N. T. at the entrance into Old Spring Garden at Charing-cro's.